

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, August 23, 1918

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A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Y.M.C.A. HUT IS THEIR HANG OUT

Yanks Travel Many Miles to Spend Evening in the Club.

SOMEBODY ALWAYS ON JOB

"Y' Guy" Can Be Depended Upon to Get Move On in Emergency—Men Made to Feel Perfectly Free and Unrestrained.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KEL-

LAND.

Paris.—Thirty sailors off an American war vessel hired a motor truck and drove nine miles to get to the Y. M. C. A. club in a famous French city. I asked them why.

"Because it's a regular hangout," one of them said, and another added, "These cause you get white bread with butter on it, and eggs fried on both sides and served with piano accompaniment."

As soon as I broke into the place I found why men would ride nine miles on a truck to loaf there from eight until eleven.

It wasn't the sort of place folks in the United States imagine a Y. M. C. A. to be. It was a sweltering hot night, and the broad front steps were lined from end to end with men in shaki and men in navy blue. They were gassing and smoking until the place looked as if the captain had ordered a smoke screen to help him through the submarine zone.

From the street you could hear a piano doing business and a lot more men in uniform howling, "Joan of Arc." If the mothers of these boys could have heard that racket their hearts would have dropped off a pound of weight and increased their beat by ten to the second. They sang as if they were glad to be alive.

Right on the job.

And then somebody busted up the game. A sailorman came in and made the announcement that the driver of their truck refused to take them back to quarters again, and it was a walk of nine miles on a hot night, or a stretch in the brig for them. Gloom descended. Then somebody turned around and bellowed, "Where's one of them 'Y' guys?"

A "Y" guy happened to be on the spot and in a second he was surrounded by a crowd of men who were angry or in a mood to demand something, but by fellows who were mighty courteous in an unpleasant situation. That was something worth remarking, and it made you sort of glad to be around.

They put the thing up to the "Y" guy and one fellow said sort of bashful-like, "We don't want to act like we was puttin' this up to you. 'Tain't four fault, but—"

It was apparent they had gotten the idea somehow that you could depend on a "Y" guy to get a move on him, and the "Y" guy allowed as much.

"Sure, it's up to us," he said, "that's why we're here."

Inside of twenty minutes he was back with a big truck with a red triangle on the side of it. He tucked the thirty sailorman into it and off they went to keep their appointment with their boss.

That, quite likely, is one reason why they rode nine miles to spend an evening in the Y. M. C. A., because they knew somebody was on the job.

Like You Owned the Place.

Another reason is that you don't have to knock, show a ticket, wiggle your finger or roll over and play dead to get in. You just walk in like you were there to foreclose a first mortgage on the place.

When you walk through the front door you don't run into a lecture hall, though there is one upstairs, and the odor that comes to your nose isn't the odor of sanctity. It's the smell of fried eggs. The cafeteria is the first thing you meet, and if you are wise you get acquainted with it and stay acquainted while you are in this locality, for it is the best and cheapest place to eat in town. I know because I tried several.

The most impressive thing about it is the complete absence of an ostentatious welcome. You just help yourself and nobody says a word. You wander in and eat and wipe your mouth on your sleeve and hike upstairs to mess around on a piano or write a letter or play billiards or what you like to do. You are free. To be able to make a huge number of men feel perfectly free and unrestrained and at home is quite some little accomplishment. I haven't had time to find out how it is done, but the next time I have a party at my house I'm going to try it on. It's the real thing in hospitality.

SURPRISE FOR CHURCH FOLKS

Called an Hour Earlier for Prayer Meeting and Set to Digging Dandelions.

Denver, Colo.—Every member of City Park Baptist church was urgently requested to attend a special mid-week prayer meeting and to be on hand an hour earlier than usual. When the "worshippers" arrived the pastor produced an old case knife for each member, pointed to a church lawn badly cluttered by dandelions and told men and women alike to get busy. At the end of an hour of digging the lawn was clear of weeds.

A Horse Is a Horse

By Archie Cameron New

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A mighty crowd of men, all ages, colors, and of various states of servitude, seethed, surged and jostled each other, in the bed of Pelham street, their faces all turned towards Marks' auction stables, and their eyes impatiently fixed on a large red stand to the left of the open concourse. There were those bent on grim bargaining, and many of these were now turning into the street from the large concourse, to swell the largest throng of those gathered from mere curiosity, to see and not to buy.

And now the stellar attraction, a stalwart athlete, whose muscles of iron were almost visible through the blue suit that he wore, emerged from the stable offices, accompanied by a purplish robed individual, whom many recognized as Marks. But every one present, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, soldiers in uniform, and bums without them, knew the other and proclaimed the fact as they surged again towards the red stand.

"Jack Bedford," "yea, you Jack," "oh, you big boy," and the like rang out, as the former well-known lightweight champion of the fistie ring bowed his smiling acknowledgment to the crowd. But Marks knew what he was there for, and stepped promptly to the front of the stand, while Bedford lightly vaulted over the side and was immediately swallowed up in a circle of admiring fans.

"Gents, y' know what yer 'ere for," he announced, cryptically. "Jack Bedford, former champion lightweight and late of Boethron's circus, has brought his entire string of horses here t' be sold. Not t' be given away; y' understand! Loosen up yer purse-strings, gents. Tear th' string off yer rolls, an' let yer biddin' be fas' and furious. Jed, bring out No. 1." Marks gave the command over his left shoulder, and such a hostler paraded before the stand, leading the first of Bedford's magnificent stock of horses.

"One hundred," sang out a short, fat man, with a whip in his hand, as the big bay mare again passed in front of the stand, and Marks stared at the bidder scornfully.

"We're not sellin' th' hoofs," he barked out. "This 'ere animal goes in one piece. Gents, do I 'ere any more? Hummer'n twenty-five? Thankie, sir. Now fifty! Fifty, ataboy! Now seventy-five! Remember, these are prime stock, not platers."

Bedford, at the side of the stand, disengaged himself for a moment from the recital of a wrinkled old fan, "who'd seen every lick between Sullivan and Sharkey, yes, sir," and stepped up to a large, red-faced man close by.

"Do bid 'em up now, Jim," Bedford whispered hastily in the other's ear. "But watch your step! Get out from under if you see the bidders weakenin'." You know the rest.

The man nodded grimly and went to the front of the stand, where he was soon engaged in "boosting the bidding."

Meanwhile, one of the hostlers, standing at the entrance to the stables, felt a timid touch on his sleeve, turned with a gruff exclamation, which died on his lips as his mouth opened slowly. For facing him was a dainty little miss, whose brown curls dangled and came comingly under a smart little hat, and whose saucy, bright eyes shone on him appealingly.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, doffing his cap. "What'd y' say?"

"May I go in there?" she asked, in a low tone, at marked variance with the shouts in the street. She pointed to the stables, packed with Bedford's horses.

"Sorry, Miss," was the apologetic answer. "It's 'gainst th' rules. Buyers was allowed in before the sale, but not now. You'd get hurt. Th' boss won't 'low it."

"Oh, no," she spoke up, brightly. "I wouldn't get hurt. I'm used to horses. Besides, I know 'em all—every last one in there."

Then, as he wavered, she pressed a "clinch" into his palm.

"I'll bet you I won't get hurt," she told him, with a twinkle in her eyes. "And I'm paying my bet in advance."

"I can't go in there, June," said a slightly older girl at her side. "I'm afraid."

"Never mind," June replied, promptly. "You wait here." And then, holding her smiling "spell" over the hostler, she entered the stable.

She went among the horses, patting them as she moved among them, and then, apparently finding the object of her search, she flew to the side of a big white horse, with a black splotch right over his right eye.

"Freckles!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "You dear old fellow!"

The animal addressed looked toward her, and then, with a loud "neigh," started toward her.

"Look out, Miss," cried the hostler, warningly. "He'll—"

And then, as Freckles stopped in his tracks and rubbed his head against her shoulder, the hostler looked on in amazement.

"Why, Miss, he knows you!"

"Certainly he does!" came her happy answer. "We were chums for a whole year, weren't we, Freckles?" Then she turned to the hostler. "Are you going to sell him—too?"

stable-man almost at June's elbow, and unseen by him she darted a resentful glance at his back, then turned to her companion.

"A hundred dollars—for Freckles!" she repeated scornfully.

"Why, not?" was the calm retort. "He's only a horse."

"Only a horse—Freckles? Why—" "Fifty," sang out another voice, and June turned her face back to the stand.

"That's it, gents," interposed Marks, raucously. "He's th' prize of th' lot. Not a pimple on 'im. Solid gold, as he stands. Any more?"

"Two hundred!"

Marks looked, and then grinned broadly.

"Good," he commanded, beaming on June. "Th' wimmin is mixin' in. Two twenty-five? Now fifty, missy? Fifty, 'at's it. Don't let 'im beat y'."

Now seventy-five? Right. Now, Miss, three hundred!"

June trembled violently, then looked into a small reticule, while her companion tugged anxiously at her sleeve.

"June, are you crazy?" she demanded. "Come a—"

"Two seventy-five once, two seventy-five twice—are you all done—two—"

"Three hundred," June's voice now sounded louder, as a hush fell on the crowd.

"Three twenty-five," sang out Bedford's man gruffly.

Another urge from Marks, and then "Three thirty" came her bid, in a choked gasp.

"Any more?" demanded Marks, but Bedford's man weakened, and a moment later Marks sang out: "Sold—to the little charmer—what's the name, Miss?"

"June Bonner," she answered, and then Bedford dropped an admirer's hand and rushed into view.

"June," he exclaimed happily, then noting the curious glances of the crowd he took her arm and led her into the office, and shut the door.

"June, what brings you here?"

"I—I wanted to save Freckles!" she told him, with a little sob, and then related the rest about the sale.

"And you were—bidding—against Jim Madden?" he echoed, in horror. "Th' sale's off! The idea—he bidding against—you!"

"Oh, Jack, please—"

"The sale's off," Bedford repeated, then he grasped her hands in his. "But Freckles is yours—a present from me. I'm making enough out of the rest. I'm going to take the money and go into business—dry goods, or something like that."

"And you're—not going to fight—any more?" she whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"No, I'm through!" he announced, then he grasped her hands eagerly.

"But, June, will that make any difference? Tell me, will it?"

"It might," she whispered, glancing at him shyly, then lowered her eyes, as he reached out his arms.

"And you'll take me—with Freckles?" he demanded hoarsely. "And give up circus-riding? Will you make the same sacrifice for me—as you were about to make for Freckles?"

"A horse is a horse," she answered, whimsically. "But—but—you're Jack Bedford."

And then two warm arms stole up, around his neck.

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OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

The run of salmon in the Umpqua this year is unusually heavy.

Military drill will be inaugurated this fall in the public schools of Linn county.

Twenty Linn county school districts are yet without teachers for the coming school year.

The Oregon state convention of the Brethren convened at Albany for a session of five days. Almost 100 delegates were present.

Forty-two nominees for office nominated at the primaries last May have failed to file the acceptances, according to Secretary of State Olcott.

Cottage Grove will have free mail delivery, beginning September 2, the postoffice having received orders to make the necessary preparations.

Findings of a badly decomposed body near Powers is believed to solve the mystery of William Dietz' disappearance from Marshfield two weeks ago.

Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a Red Cross salvage shop in North Bend by representatives of the various women's organizations.

The advance guards of the Indians from the Warm Springs reservation, who come every year to the Willamette valley to pick hops, has arrived in Eugene.

Oregon hens from Oregon Agricultural college are holding first place in each of the three great egg laying contests, Storrs, British Columbia and Pullman.

Joseph Monocco, wanted on a charge of having slain Mary Splina, aged 18, in her home at Portland, was arrested at Vancouver, B. C., and returned to Portland.

Contracts for four more steel vessels of the 3800-ton type have been awarded by the Emergency Fleet corporation to the Albina Engine & Machine works, of Portland.

The Pacific Coast Norwegian Singers' association will hold its annual convention and sangerfest, with hall concerts, in Portland, August 31 and September 1 and 2.

The initiative and referendum pamphlets have been mailed to the electorate of the state. The pamphlets went to approximately 310,000 voters, Secretary Olcott stated.

Union and Walla counties have more grouse this year than in many previous years, hunters from over the two counties report. The percentage of young ones is unusually heavy.

According to information received by the Hood River county court, the Columbia river highway between Hood River and Mosier will not be constructed during the period of the war.

Establishment of a twine industry at which Governor Withycombe is giving consideration and which probably will be submitted to the legislature.

The Salem branch of the Insurance Federation of Oregon passed resolutions opposed to the government's taking over of the insurance business, as proposed in bills pending before congress.

The August report of E. L. Kent, field agent of the bureau of crop estimates, shows the onion prospects of Oregon at 70 per cent of normal as to condition, in comparison with 80 per cent of a year ago.

At the request of Secretary McAdoo, State Fire Marshal Wells has changed the date of fire prevention day in this state from October 9 to November 2, so that it will not conflict with the liberty loan campaign.

Under the budget of the Hood River Applegrowers' association, just adopted by the directors, a maximum charge of 26 cents per box for apples and 10 cents for pears may be made for handling the fruit the coming year.

Fire, caused either by a short circuit or a break in the power line, burned out three of the large transformers at the Link river power plant of the California-Oregon Power company, with an estimated loss of \$6000.

To offset the hay shortage, which threatens the stockmen of the Klamath district this coming winter, ranchers operating along the shores of the big upper Klamath lake are putting up thousands of tons of wild hay, which has never heretofore been cut.

Immediate construction of a coal storage dock near the municipal elevator at St. Johns was decided upon at a meeting of the Port of Portland commission. Costing between \$50,000 and \$75,000, the new dock is expected to save from 25 to 35 cents a ton in loading the coal on ships in the Portland harbor.

The schools at Creswell, Lane county, will not open until one month later than usual, to permit the boys and girls to assist in the harvesting of crops and especially the prune crop in the orchard owned by L. D. Scarborough, which covers 160 acres and is the largest of its kind in the upper Willamette valley.

All the shipbuilding firms save one, all of the paper and woolen mills and 95 per cent of the firms engaged in the lumber industry will be under the provisions of the workmen's compensation act after September 1, according to a statement issued by the Industrial Accident commission.

The number of industrial accidents reported to the state accident commission during the past week exceeds all previous records. The total number is 691, of which four were fatal, as fol-

George Mall, Portland, shipbuilding; K. Shibata, Cochran, logging.

The Columbia & Nehalem River railroad, which runs from Kerry into the Nehalem valley, wants to advance its rates for forest products. Statements of the officials of the company have been submitted to the Public Service commission of Oregon, showing that the business is being handled at a loss, due to the increased cost of operation.

In response to a demand from educators in many parts of the country, Dr. F. G. Franklin, dean of Albany college, is preparing to write another volume of his work, "The Legislative History of Naturalization in the United States," and bring it down to date. Though it requires a great deal of research work and probably will take a long time, Dr. Franklin will undertake the task.

Although estimates for the various institutions and state activities are practically all in, the state Tax commission postponed final consideration of them until August 23. It is believed the estimates will reach a total of nearly \$10,000,000, about \$3,000,000 above the appropriations of two years ago. It is not believed that the commission will go before the people and ask for such a sum.

Squaw Creek Irrigation district, in Crook county, has applied to the state securities commission for certification of \$98,000 of bonds which the district wishes to sell to provide funds to purchase the canals and water rights of the Squaw Creek Irrigation company. Considerable controversy has existed between the district and the company and the district desires to take over the existing canals and operate them.

First-hand investigation of the dairy situation throughout the United States has convinced B. H. Rawl, chief of the dairy division of the department of agriculture, with headquarters in Washington, that the industry is in a serious plight in many places. The situation in Oregon is none too favorable to the dairymen, he said on completing a two-day survey which covered points in Washington, Yamhill, Clackamas and Multnomah counties.

Two suits to recover an aggregate of \$420,000 were filed in the Lane county circuit court by W. B. Dennis, against the Black Butte Quicksilver Mining company, owning mines in southern Lane county. Mr. Dennis is manager of the Carlton Lumber company at Carlton. One suit is to foreclose a mortgage dating from April, 1901, for \$70,000, and the other to recover on notes in the sum of \$350,000. The mortgage covers a tract of 980 acres of land.

The insect which has been causing damage to airplane spruce has been definitely identified as the ambrosia beetle, and the bureau of entomology of the United States forest service has made recommendations to the spruce division for the control of the danger.

The beetle bores into the wood, weakening the natural resistance of the spruce. It does not attack the green timber, only the felled trees being at feet, and these only during the summer months.

Yaquina bay residents who have sold their property to the government for a right-of-way for the railroad under construction around the bay have no legal right to demand free passes on the road in addition to the money received for their property, and by statutory provision such passes are prohibited. This, in substance, is the reply of the public service commission to an inquiry received from Lieutenant Henry K. Norton, of the government right-of-way department at Newport.

The collection of foxglove, or digitalis, by school children and other patriotic Oregonians should be continued, according to word received by President W. J. Kerr, of the Oregon Agricultural college, from the office of the surgeon-general, Washington, D. C. Thus far this year 1400 pounds of digitalis have been shipped from Oregon under direction of Dean Adolph Ziefle, of the school of pharmacy. Dean Ziefle hopes to make another shipment this year of 500 or 600 pounds and to send at least 2000 pounds between now and next August.

A \$10,000 fine, the largest ever imposed in an Oregon court for violation of the prohibition laws and the maximum amount provided under the statute, was handed at Portland by Judge Bean to Alexander Davidson, wealthy California liquor dealer, and was paid, Davidson, who is owner of the Blue Ribbon Beer company of San Francisco, was convicted under the conspiracy act in a sensational trial concluded July 4, last. Last week he pleaded guilty to a second similar indictment pending against him, and the fine imposed covered both charges.

Fascination of the Sea.

To those who live on the coast or near enough to visit it frequently, no words need be said in praise of the mighty ocean. Unlike the mountains, the seashore never grows monotonous. It is "a never expending of water," if you will, but it is such a varied expanse that one never grows weary of looking at it. It is this fascination that binds a sailor to his profession. His work is hard, the perils are many, and the pay and food are alike poor, but once a sailor he can never willingly drudge on land again. Even in his old age and crippled, he loves to haunt the seashore and gaze on the element he once lived upon.

Finger Prints Invaluable.

Of course it is in connection with the detection of criminals that the fingerprint record is most used. It is claimed that China used it 4,000 years ago. It is in use in Scotland Yard and in Paris and in the big cities of this country. But it has proved invaluable in identifying honest folk as well as criminals.

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